

THE

 WEEKLY VISITOR,
 OR,
 LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
 "TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, December 24, 1803.

[No. 55]

De Valcour and Bertha :
 OR,
THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.
 —
 A ROMANCE.
 CHAP. II.

(Continued from page 10)

BERTHA, said the astonished Julian, this affair is still inexplicable. Some malicious fiend wishes to effect our ruin. I will return.—Oh, no, no! replied Bertha, wildly; you must never return. A father's curse attends me.—Fly, while yet my reason holds. Fly you, Bertha, under this vile opprobrium! Oh! no; rather let thy hand now complete the work of fate. Had nought but poverty assailed us, these arms, unaided by ought but virtue, should have protected thee from every ill: we could have sought some retired spot, where cheerful industry would have supported us in love and confidence: but now, aspersed by some unknown calumniator, suspected by Bertha, life is valueless. He bent his knee before her; his air and accent were solemnly impressive, as he took her cold hand; and, after pressing it fervently to his bosom, placed within it a pistol. Here, said he, satisfy the enemy who persecutes

me; annihilate the heart which has hitherto never throbbed with a passion that could disgrace it. But why do I meanly seek to plead my innocence? Bertha, be resolute; this is the hour when justice must triumph over every tender sentiment: the blood of a murdered father calls for vengeance!—

Bertha gazed on him with horror. The fire which flashed from his dark eyes betrayed his desperation; she dashed the pistol to the ground. No, Julian, I cannot be thy executioner. Justice cannot be awarded by my hand. Fly, fly! De Valcour rose with dignity: O, cruel Bertha, you know that while life remains, I will not leave you. This hour must terminate my miseries:—this hand must execute the awful purpose of fate.

He raised the pistol to his head, and would have fired. Bertha sunk upon her knees, exclaiming, Power infinite, pardon my involuntary crime if I am guilty! Julian, whatever *were* my duties, I am now thy wife. I will go with thee from this hateful place; we are not safe within its walls. I will never, never leave thee.

He received her into his arms, and they mingled tears of love and sorrow. To-morrow night, said Bertha, I will in disguise meet you at the hut in the wood. We will repair to my good old nurse at D—, where I shall find a safe

asylum till some eligible plan occurs to us. I feel inspired with fresh confidence; let us now separate.

Julian departed with reluctance, after insisting on her taking some repose, and promising to consult the venerable father Ambrose, who would be their best adviser. When De Valcour left her, Bertha secured the door, and passed an hour in fervent prayer; then, rather more tranquilized, sought that rest of which she stood so much in need.

The following day was appointed for the interment of the baron; and to the great surprise of Bertha and Valeria, father Ambrose did not appear. Great rewards had been offered by the baroness for the apprehension of the assassin, but no discovery had yet been made; and the pious Ambrose had in person visited several of the surrounding towns and villages, in the hope of gathering some satisfactory knowledge. On the morning of the day he left the abbey at an early hour, for the purpose of visiting a sick man, whose dwelling was at the distance of five miles, and was not expected till the vesper service, after which the funeral rites of the baron were to be solemnized.

Still Ambrose did not appear; and the holy brothers were filled with alarm. De Valcour found an opportunity of speaking to Bertha unobserved; he beg-

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ged her to delay their departure another day, or at least till the return of Ambrose, for whom messengers were dispatched in every direction; but their conference was scarcely ended, when two laymen returned with horror in their looks, and displayed the hood and vestment of father Ambrose, rent and stained with blood, which had been found in a deep pit near the high road; but all search after his body had been fruitless. That he had suffered a violent death, was probable, and the whole abbey was thrown into consternation.

The ceremony of the baron's funeral was, however, concluded; and the baroness returned dismayed and afflicted to the castle. Her deportment towards Bertha was haughty and reserved: she reminded her of her dependent situation, and pompously assured her, that while she conducted herself as a dutiful child towards her, she should find her a liberal and indulgent mother.

Bertha shrunk from her offers with unconcealed disgust; but respect for her father's memory sealed her lips from uttering the sentiments with which the conduct of Valeria inspired her, and she now determined to lose no time in quitting the inhospitable mansion, which she could no longer hope to call her own.

She hastily secreted all her valuable jewels, the gift of her once indulgent father, and arrayed herself in a habit of Julian's he wore when he first declared his love to her. He was then sixteen, caressed by all, beloved by her father, and to her the first, the only object of affection. Her faithful Rosa was her confidant and assistant; and but for her kind attentions, Bertha would have sunk beneath her emotions. A few select articles of dress Bertha desired Rosa to send to her the first opportunity; the rest she was to appropriate to her own use. She then took an affectionate leave of her long-valued domestic, and bade a sad adieu to the scene of her earliest joys, her severest calamities; and, with an aching heart, and faltering step, hastened to meet De Valcour at the hut in the wood.



BERTHA reached the centre of the wood in safety, but not without alarm: the hut was still at some distance, and the darkness of the night rendered every object indistinguishable; Bertha listened anxiously, in the hope that De Valcour would come to meet her; and after a considerable interval of expectation, she heard footsteps approaching: but there seemed more than one person, of which voices soon convinced her. Bertha was lost in conjecture, till, as the sound drew nearer, she was terrified to find that both were strangers. They passed on without observing her; but near enough for her to perceive that they were armed. She stole cautiously forward, and with trembling steps, reached the door of the hut. It was open, she softly called on De Valcour, but no answer was returned.

Fearful lest the strangers should surprise her, she entered, and groped about in search of a secure corner, where she might conceal herself till the arrival of Julian, when her hand fell on an object which chilled her with horror. It was the cold face of a man, who was extended on the ground. She started back, when a sigh from her suffering companion convinced her he was still living. Ignorant whether it was a friend or an enemy, humanity induced her to raise him in her arms: he breathed with difficulty; and, endeavoring to open his collar, she felt the chain of hair which was suspended round the neck of Julian. This was a most horrible conviction; yet a fortunate exertion of mind enabled her to preserve herself from sinking under the shock. De Valcour revived sufficiently to articulate a few sentences; and informed Bertha, that he had been wounded in endeavoring to defend himself against some ruffians who attempted to seize him; and that they were then in search of her. Scarcely had he spoken, when two men entered, and, by the light of a torch, discovered Bertha supporting her lover.

Her terrified looks, and shrill scream, instantly betrayed her sex. The foremost advanced on; tore her from De Valcour, who fell with a deep groan on the ground; then grasping her round the waist, bore her from the hut. Total insensibility succeeded, from which she was only aroused to a scene of new alarm. A number of masked men sur-

rounded the couch on which she was reposing; their eyes were earnestly bent on her, as if watching each motion; their dress was such as she had never beheld before; and the sable plumes which waved in their hats, made her imagine them persons of distinction. She eagerly enquired for Julian. Do not distress yourself, lovely maid, said one with a dignified air: he is taken care of. Your meeting cannot take place yet; but you shall meet with every attention here your situation and sex demands. Fearful of provoking resentment, Bertha forbore to make any further enquiries. Every thing round her seemed to wear an air of mystery: the person who addressed her appeared superior to the rest, who obeyed his motions; and he alone watched beside her couch. When he first spoke, she thought the voice familiar to her; but when he raised his tone to address those who attended, she was again at a loss to recollect it. Several hours passed on without any change, and Bertha began to be anxious for daylight to appear. It will be long before you see the sun rise, said her companion: the place we are in precludes all possibility of a visit from the sun; but if you are of a good and cheerful temper, you will find enough here to make you happy. We have sumptuous fare, soft beds, and merry hearts. What say you, Lady, have we cause to complain? Heaven defend me! exclaimed Bertha, where am I? Among whom has my evil destiny thrown me? Among those, said her companion, with a more serious tone, who love you too well to see you thrown away upon a needy adventurer. Bertha, I have long loved you, long envied a boy the happiness of possessing your affection. The farcical ceremony of marriage which passed between you is not valid. Be mine; and every luxury, every pleasure of life shall be yours. Bertha rose indignant from the couch; she surveyed him with a scrutinizing glance; his person was totally unknown to her; and she vainly endeavoured to discover one motion by which she might recognize him for a former acquaintance. A few moments elapsed in silence. Bertha again addressed him. By whose authority am I detained here! Where is De Valcour?

(To be continued.)



RUSSIAN DIVERTISSEMENTS.

From Storch's Picture of Pittsburgh.

WE now come to speak of the pleasant and delightful gardens which, with exemplary liberality, are usually open to the recreation of the public.—The grand ducal island, Kammennoi-Ostrof, has not only a great many fine private gardens, but all people are allowed the liberty of amusing themselves here in a becoming manner. The romantic wilderness of this island, its situation between other rural places of amusement, the fishery, and a well-furnished house of entertainment, draw a great number of people hither on fine summer days.—Another island, Krestofsky-Ostrof, belonging to Count Razumosky, is one continued forest, cut through in various places into large and noble vistas. Here likewise every one is permitted to enjoy the beauties of nature. On Sundays and holidays, are seen a great confluence of citizens of the lower classes, taking their pleasure unmolested. Likewise Yelaghin's Island, the most charming of them all, is free to the use of the public, as also are the gardens of Counts Stroganof and Besborodko, in the Vyborgskoi quarter. The two former have for many years kept open a Vauxhall, much resorted to by the public, of all classes. The company amuse themselves in walking and dancing, for which purpose the proprietors keep a well-conducted Turkish band of music; in fishing, swinging and playing at bowls; and, in the evening, a fire-work is generally exhibited. M. Yelaghin himself usually takes part in the amusements he so liberally dispenses to others, and his daughters at times open the ball with some gentleman present. That the enjoyment of all these amusements is free of expence to the visitants, scarcely needs to be mentioned.

Among the pleasantest walks without the town, the Peterhof-Road would indisputably deserve the foremost place, were its advantages not so diminished by the suffocating clouds of dust raised by the carriages incessantly passing along. This inconvenience, however, great as it is, by no means prevents the principal and most fashionable part of the inhabitants from making this district the chief place of their resort for pleasure. From the description of this excellent highway, the reader already knows, that it is bordered on both sides

with elegant and splendid villas. Most of them belong to private persons, and are used to the entertainment of themselves and their friends in a very hospitable manner. But, with still greater liberality, several persons of rank convert their gardens into places of public entertainment, to which all people of decent appearance are at liberty to come. The country-seats of the two brothers Narishkin, deserve here particular notice, as being frequented on Sundays by great numbers of the higher classes. A friendly invitation, in four different languages, inscribed over the entrance to the grounds, authorises every one of decent appearance and behavior, to amuse himself there in whatever way he pleases, without fear of molestation. In several pavilions are musicians for the benefit of those who choose to dance; in others are chairs and sofas, ready for the reception of any party who wish to recreate themselves by sedate conversation, after roaming about with the great throng; some parties take to the swings, the bowling-green, and other diversions; on the canals and lakes are gondolas; some constructed for rowing, others for sailing: and, if all this be not enough, refreshments are spread on tables in particular alcoves, or are handed about by servants in livery. This noble hospitality is by no means unenjoyed; the concourse of persons of all descriptions, from the star and ribband, to the plain well-dressed burgher, forms such a party-colored collection, and sometimes groupes are so humorously contrasted, that, for this reason alone, it is well worth the pains of partaking once in the amusement.

The number of these salting places, in and about the residence, is so great, that we are not yet come near the end of our list. Therefore, to spare myself and the reader the trouble of repetitions, we will take our leave of this branch of public pastime, in order to entertain ourselves with another class very nearly allied to it.

Walking has some admirers at St. Petersburg, but driving incomparably more. A convenience, which in this extensive, dirty town, is so much a necessity, will naturally soon degenerate into a luxury. The necessity of keeping horses for use, is pushed to the utmost extravagance; no where is driving so much a diversion as here.

(Remainder see p. 27)

ON EDUCATION,

BY — PRATT.

I see too plainly custom forms us all:
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd beliefs,
Are consequences of our place of birth:
Born beyond Ganges—I had been a *Pagan!*
In France, a *Christian!*—I am here a *Saracen.*
'Tis but instruction all! Our parent's hand
Writes on our hearts the first faint characters,
Which time retracing deepens into strength
That nothing can efface but death or heaven.

ZARA.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
POPE.

LET us imagine, as an elucidation of the above assertions, a child born under every favorable event of temporal prosperity; the father rich, and the mother beautiful; its cradle is soft and downy, its pap is made of the whitest bread; and every accommodation that the little stranger demands, is furnished with the most pompous parade, and in the highest perfection. It will not be long before these *softnesses* will have so great an influence on the body, that the infant must imbibe from these blessings an idea of luxury. This idea will be constantly recurring, and every day's illustration of the points which first produced it, will expand on the imagination, which, like the passions and appetites, is no foe to delicacies. Voluptuous images, thus associated, are easily admitted into the young heart, and every thing that did not correspond with those images, would, in proportion, be rejected. Accustomed to the light and spacious apartments, he would not venture into a dark passage without his nurse or governante.

Suppose, on the other hand, a child, the offspring of laborious and indigent parents; its birth is effected upon the straw, or upon sacking, without curtains; the wind blows hard through the casement; the mother lies down contented with her small-beer caudle, and on the third and fourth day she is up, and dandling the babe upon her knee, or dancing it in her arms.

The mother of the other, meanwhile, is gradually recovering from the pains of labor, upon a couch of down; stops up every crevice of air, "lest the breeze of heaven should visit her too roughly." Dares not rise till she is sufficiently weakened by the forms of a fashionable lying-in, as it is, in this case, emphatically called; and, at last, after much

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effort, and more ceremony, she ventures abroad, on some auspicious, sunshiny day, under the fortification of cloaks, hoods, and handkerchiefs, just to take an airing, with the glasses of her carriage drawn up, and then returns to her chamber, shivering at those gales which fan the face of the poor woman, who inhales them as the most natural restoratives of health and beauty.

About the time that the rich child begins to know the delicacy of its condition, the poor one would find itself promising and hardy, and, in some degree inured to the storms of life. Let them be at this period each five years old; the one has acquired a sensation of softness, the other an habit of hardness. Suppose then, about this time, it were possible for them to change situations. The pennyless lad shall go into the warm villa, the rich stripling into the cold cottage;—what would be the consequence? Exactly the same as if the two *mothers* and *fathers* were to exchange. All would be distress, dilemma, confusion, and awkwardness: the pampered youth would crowd over the wretched bit of a blaze, made by two sticks laid across a brick; and the lad who was bred in a tempest, and seasoned to wind and weather, would very probably toss his plaything against the fine sash-window to let in the air, and prevent suffocation.

Thus far I have spoken respecting the influence of early habits on the *body*. Let us now see what effect they have on the *mind*. The connection betwixt our mortal and immortal part, is far closer than betwixt man and wife. Nothing can besal the one that is indifferent to the other: sympathy implanted by nature is powerfully reciprocated; and the tie is at once tender and forcible. Consequently, the minds of those two boys, must be affected very sensibly by their respective *educations* and *customs*. As they grow up, those customs will so strengthen, that nothing but "death or heaven" can reconcile them to an innovation, either in thought, word, or deed. The *poor* boy having heard nothing but unpolished language, ate nothing but coarse food, and passed his day amongst clowns and cattle, will continue in the track, and if, by an unlucky stroke of chance, he be called to new pursuits, his misery must be dated from the day on which he deserted the spade, the ploughshare, or the flail. The *rich*

boy, in the mean time, rises into man, amidst the clash of carriages, the comfort of couches, and the luxuries of laziness. His ears are accustomed to music, fashion, and flattery; his eyes are daily charmed with objects of dissipation or delight. No possible accident could be more fatal to his peace, than a sudden deprivation of these pleasures. Take him again into the hut, he finds himself like a fish upon land, out of his element: the greatest transports of the peasant, are to him agony; and every thing around, and within him, is as strange as if he had stepped into a new world. Why is all this?—Merely because they have been taught to think, and feel, and act differently.

We will proceed, gentle reader, if you please, to further familiar illustrations. Imagine that when these children were five weeks old, the mother of the poorest, reduced to extreme necessity, puts her infant in a basket, and lays it at the door of a person equally celebrated for wealth and benevolence—the gentlemen takes it into his house, clothes, feeds, and educates it as his own—that very infant, which with the *parent* would be the lout I have described, would, with its *protector*, be as different a creature as could exist. His pains, passions, pleasures, and ideas, totally reversed—imagine likewise that some gipsy steals, or kidnaps, as it is called, the *rich* child from the cradle, and strolls with it up and down the country; it will have its education in the open air, its lodging in a barn, and its dirty diet under a hedge. Probably it will imbibe the craft and subtlety of the gipsy, and limit its utmost ambition to trick the traveller out of sixpence, cross the palm with silver, and tell the events which *have* happened (or are still to be brought forward) by the *line of life*. Thus in every other instance (with a few peculiar exceptions, that have nothing to do with general rules), *habit* and *education* form the mind, and color the human character.

Continued in page 27.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL AMELIA.

Madam,

I HAVE enjoyed the honor of serving your ladyship some years, during which time, you have been pleased to

favor me with evident marks of your esteem, and a familiarity that none of your other utensils can boast of, though many of them my betters by far: as, therefore, I have shewn you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my fidelity approved of by your ladyship, I hope you will pardon my boldness, on taking this method to discover to you some failings on yourself, which my surface cannot possibly represent. If I may presume to say so, Madam, you consult me much too often; and I am confident it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater stranger to me. How many thousand times must you be told that you are handsome? I assure you of it every day; but you will not be satisfied, unless I tell you so every hour; nay, almost every moment. I cannot deceive; your person is exceeding amiable; but I must, at the same time, inform your ladyship, with my usual sincerity, that you would be infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think so. Consider, madam, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand times a day, that it is not in my power to make you wiser or handsomer; but shall certainly destroy one of the finest ornaments of beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own perfections.

Whenever you stand before me, with all your charms set forth to the greatest advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourself with too great pleasure, and grow proud and conceited of your own beauty, which, in time, will make other people ridicule and despise you; and, therefore, I honestly and ingeniously intreat you to avoid my company; for, madam, I must confess, that the worst enemies the fair ones have, cannot do them so much prejudice as I, their chief favorite. It grieves me to the heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their fondness of me, when I continually do them mischief. Whether it be, as a witty gentleman once said of me, from my talent of *casting reflection*; or whether it be from the large quantity of quicksilver which belongs to me, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for as the learned observe, madam, mercury is highly prejudicial to your sex, either where there is too much of it in the composition of a fair lady, or when it is used externally as a help to beauty; as in the former case, it is generally the cause of excessive levity, so in the lat-

ter, it is always observed to hurt the eyes, and deface those charms which it is designed to assist and improve; or whether my gaily gilded frame is so apt to infect the mind of the beholder with vanity; or, lastly, whether it be from the brittleness of my other materials, which, by a kind of sympathy, affect people who are too conversant with me: from whatever cause it proceeds, a lady, who has a fine face, might almost as well fall into the small-pox, as to be often in my company. How many charming creatures have I destroyed; and made beauty the greatest misfortune that could befall them! I cannot think of it without feeling the utmost concern. Why am I fated to be thus unlucky, and injure those the most that love me best? Alas! why was I made a Mirror? Was it my desire to be covered with silver, and inclosed in a frame of gold? Did I aspire to be fixed in this honorable place, and become a lady's favorite? Oh, that I had been some meaner piece of furniture, less respected, and less mischievous. Keep off, dear lady, I beseech you, from an unhappy object, which destiny makes pernicious to the loveliest creature under heaven, or I shall soon infect you with the worst disease incident to beauty, and that is—*vanity*.

I am, it is true, a useful servant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is seldom: but if a lady grows so fond of me, that she runs to ask my opinion of every look; if she consults me forty times for once that she consults her prayer-book or bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than age or ugliness: I beg, madam, that you will interpret what your servant says, to proceed wholly from love and respect to you: the tender regard I have for your ladyship, together with some symptoms I have lately discovered, makes me tremble for you. I dread the apprehension of bringing contempt on so good a mistress; and would not, for the world, be the occasion of your losing any one grace of a fine woman. No, rather let me be broken in a thousand pieces! I am not without fear of giving offence by the liberty I am taking; but if you should banish me your presence, I cannot forbear speaking where your ladyship's welfare is so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us to part for ever. Better for you to be without my service,

than to suffer by it; and better for me to lose my lady, and be thrown into a corner, than to remain where I am, and be accessory and instrumental in spoiling as much beauty and sweetness as ever Mirror had the happiness to reflect.

I am, Madam,

with the most dutiful respect,

Your faithful and devoted

MIRROR.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

HAVING occasion to travel round the adjacent counties, during the time when troops were under orders of embarkation for abroad, I arrived at Hornchurch, in Essex, when the seventh regiment of light dragoons were proceeding on their march, to embark for the continent. The trumpets began to sound, and the men were seen galloping, in every direction, to the place of rendezvous. The tears, the groans, of the wretched women, who were bidding adieu to their husbands, sons, or brothers, would have softened the most obdurate heart, would have brought tears into the eyes even of a misanthrope.

Amongst the various groups, I took particular notice of a young serjeant, who was taking leave of his wife, a beautiful young creature, with a sweet little infant in her arms. "My love," he cried, "you shall hear from me as soon as we arrive, and I have an opportunity." Sobs prevented her utterance. "Do not distress yourself: you perfectly unman me. Consider my love, 'tis my duty to my country calls me away; 'tis her safety requires my absence. Dry up your tears, my dearest girl; and when you bestow a thought upon me, let it be, of the blissful moment when I shall joyfully return to my Anna, and my charming little fellow." "Oh! Frederick—" was all she could say. Articulation was denied her, while the big drops of anguish rolled down her cheeks. One arm was clasped round his neck; the other supported her infant. He took the child; and I could perceive a fond father's silent tear steal down his manly face. Suddenly the trumpets sounded—They both started—the anguish, the despair, of the poor girl was

inconceivable; she hung on his arm. As he was preparing to mount the saddle, he once more clasped her to his breast. The last charge was sounded; he sprung on his horse, stretched out his arms for his boy, embraced it tenderly; and, with a voice choaked with anguish, as he returned the child, while her looks were bent upon him, with a kind of frenzied sorrow, he exclaimed, "Farewel, farewel.—God in heaven protect you;" and was out of sight in an instant. Reader, excuse me; I cannot depicture the scene that ensued, the feeling mind will excuse me. One thing I have to relate; poor Frederick never came back, as the whole regiment were nearly all slaughtered.

EDMUND.

CHARACTER

OF A BACHELOR.

A BACHELOR is a sort of whimsical being, which Nature never intended to create. He was formed out of the odds and ends of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the finer passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment. What remains for the bachelor, is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown. To avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients: so in dame Nature tosses self-love, without weight or measure—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use—a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns to acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained: and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus formed, thus finished, a bachelor is popped into the world mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others.

His only business is to keep himself quiet. He gets up, to lie down; he lies down, to get up. No tender passions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable reveries diversify his dronish slumbers. If he ever speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on

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the excellence of some favorite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellar abounds. On such subjects he feels the rapture of a lover.

The pace of the bachelor is *sober*. He would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge. But show him a woman entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on, as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper, or his laundress, he can speak to without reserve: but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror.

A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against *bright eyes* and *dazzling complexions*. Here he lounges out half his days. At home, he solitarily sits down to his *unsocial meal*: and when his *palate* is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify.

Such is a Bachelor—such the *life of a Bachelor*—What becomes of him *after death*, I am not casuist enough to determine.

CHARACTER.

OF A MARRIED MAN.

TH E felicity of a married man never stands still. It flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage. It is supplied from various channels. It depends more on others than on himself. From participation proceed the most ecstatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the gentlest, the most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized; his manners softened; his soul animated by the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and an *universal benevolence*, mix in all his ideas.

The house of a married man is his *paradise*. He never leaves it without regret; never returns to it but with gladness. The *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcomes his approach with rapture: joy flushes her cheek—Mutual are their transports.

Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fond-

ness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen in every department of his family. Generosity stands porter at his door; Liberality presides at his table; and social mirth gives to time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a married man there is no termination. When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one heaven to another. His glory is immortalized; and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation.

VERY SINGULAR INSTANCE OF PROWESS IN A WOMAN.

MADAME the countess of Saint Belmont, descended of a very good family in Lorrain, had joined to the fierceness of a military man, the modesty of a christian woman. The small-pox had a little spoiled her beauty, but this extraordinary woman was much pleased at being marked with it, saying she should thereby be more man-like; and indeed, she seemed to have a natural propensity to indulge herself in manly exercises. The count de Saint Belmont, whom she had married, was no way inferior to her in birth or merit: they lived together in perfect harmony. The count having been obliged to attend the duke of Lorrain in his wars, Madame de Saint Belmont, during his absence, thought proper to have retired in the country. An officer in the cavalry, taking up his quarters on her estate, had been guilty of several excesses. With great politeness she sent remonstrances to him against his behavior, and on his disregarding them, she determined to bring him to reason, in a billet to him, signed *Le Chevalier de Saint Belmont*; which contained a challenge. He accepted it and repaired to the place. The countess waited his coming in the apparel of a man. They fought, and she had the advantage over him. After having disarmed her adversary, she said, gallantly to him, You believe, sir, you have been fighting with the *Chevalier de Saint Belmont*, but, Madame de Saint Belmont returns your sword to you, and wishes you would, for the future, have more consideration for a lady's request. With these words she left him full of shame and confusion. He absented himself immediately, and was never seen afterwards in that country.

ANECDOTE OF MONS. DE SARTINE.

AN Irish gentleman, who wished to purchase an estate in France, lodged his money in the hands of a banker, who took it, as common on the continent, without giving the gentleman a voucher; but lodged it in an iron chest, and gave to the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker to receive his cash, when the latter peremptorily denied his having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine, and he accordingly did so, and told him his story.—The minister sent for the banker, and asked him, if he had not received such a sum? The banker steadily denied. "Very well (replied M. de Sartine,) then sit down and write a letter which I shall dictate to you, and you must continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was brought, Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect: "Dear wife, you must immediately send me the sum which Mons.—left in my hands, which was deposited originally in the iron chest, in the compting-house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or I shall be sent to the Bastile. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker stammered—"Mon Dieu! (said he) must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must (says the minister): I dare say, that if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it and she will obey your commands: if you are innocent, she cannot comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment, and if you resist, you shall go immediately to the Bastile." The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent, and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed, and restored to the original owner. M. de Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter should be kept a secret, provided he acted with more faith and honesty for the future.

A tempest is the school of pilots; adversity is the school of brave men.

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

23

ANECDOTE

BY POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

IN one of the works of this author is related a story which has been omitted in his life lately published. Poggio himself thus related it. It is necessary to premise, that the subject of the section in which he has introduced it, is the folly of pursuits, the expence of which is greater than the pleasure produced is worth.

"A physician of Milan, who understood the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some up to their girdle, and some to their chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected.—One of the madmen, who was upon the point of his recovery, happening to be standing at the house door, saw a young noble pass with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with his usual equipage of huntangs, spaniels, huntsmen, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered, to kill certain birds. And how much, said the madman, may be the worth of the fowls which you kill in a year. The gentleman replied, five or ten crowns. And what, said the madman, may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you in within the year. About five thousand crowns.—Five thousand crowns, replied the madman, and gazing at him a moment with the wild earnestness of an approaching phrenzy, he seized him by the shoulder and forcing him to the pit, immersed him several times in the water, (the usual practise of his master with his more desperate patients.) Having thus ducked him he led him back to the door—hark ye my friend, said he, dismissing him, take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for should the doctor come home he'll drown you but he'll cure you.

This anecdote, says Poggio, may appear to be invented to enforce my present subject, but I received it from the most satisfactory authority, and there is in it such a mixture of that wildness and instinctive energy of intellect, so peculiar to madmen in a state of recovery, that I fully believe it to have happened as related.

NEW DRESS FOR LADIES.

A GOOD natured artist, who has long observed the perpetual struggle which *female fashion* has to maintain against her two greatest enemies, *nature* and *convenience*, has contrived an entire new *Dress for Ladies*, which while it satisfies the minutest inspection of a lover's eye, with the sight of the charms hitherto invisible, or but dimly seen, is calculated to protect the tender female frame against the rudest attacks of wind and weather; It is made of *complete glass*, the advantages of which must be many and obvious. Ladies, by this means will carry about with them a complete *mirror* and an *emblem*, in which while they dress they may *study* themselves. Cased in this suit a lover would as well think of flying as affecting to be rude, as he would infallibly *cut his fingers* in the attempt. Even an invading conqueror would abate something of his impetuosity, and respect the *innocent contents*, for the sake of the dangerous *envelope* which held them. The projector has laid in a stock of glass suited to customers of all ranks and degrees, as *plate glass* for the nobility, *green glass* for young maidens, *screwed glass* for others, &c.

MEDLEY.

FEMALE SCIENCE.

A LEARNED lady once enquired, why chymistry, geography, algebra, languages, &c. were not as becoming in a woman as a man? I will not say, replied a wit, they are entirely unbecoming, but I should think a very little would answer the purpose. A woman's knowledge of chymistry might extend to the melting of butter, her geography to a thorough knowledge of every hole and corner in the house; her algebra to the family expences; and as for tongues, heaven knows that one is quite sufficient.

Legal Refinement.—The coroner's jury having set a few weeks ago, on the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of *love phrenzy*, brought in their verdict—*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*

CHANGE OF STUDIES.

Two gentlemen who had been school fellows, meeting, after a lapse of years, inquiry arose after another companion of their boyish days, to which it was replied, that from the *pulpit* he had taken to the *bar!* Upon explanation it came out that his business was that of an *auctioneer*, and that he had recently married an *inn-keeper's daughter*!

"Fair lady lay your costly robes aside."—Those ladies seem at present to have listened most to the advice of death, in the old song, who the most enjoy life.

To give comfort in affliction, urge the comparative smallness of our own misfortunes, to what some others feel.

Difference between shall and will.

A Frenchman tumbled overboard, and sung out, "I will drown, and nobody shall help me." The sailors told him "drown and be d—." Had he said, "I shall drown and nobody will help me," they would have saved him.

A Fidler is like a hen, he must *scrafe* for his living.

THE LOVER CURED.

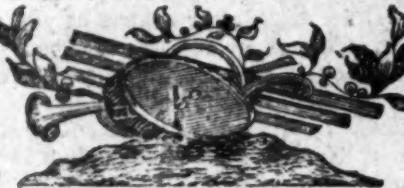
YOUNG Damon, with a lover's stare,
Eyed Phillis o'er and o'er:
And sure, said he, a form so fair,
Was never seen before,

I love that eye, so soft and meek:
And who can e'er withstand
The lovely dimples of thy cheek,
The whiteness of that hand?

O give me but a lock of hair,
He said, with ravish'd eyes,
That on my finger I may wear
And kiss the sacred prize.

What female could withstand the shock
The yielding fair submits,
Poor Damon clasp'd his fav'rite lock,
And found it full of—NITS!

THE VISITOR.



ALMERIA,

OR,

THE PENITENT.

Being a genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate Daughter in ***** to her family in the Country.

BY — PRATT.

WITHDRAWN from all temptations that entice, The frauds of fashion, and the snares of vice, From all that can inspire unchaste delight, To my dear bleeding family I write ; But oh ! my pen the tender task denies, And all the daughter rushes to my eyes : Out as the paper to my hand I've brought, That hand still trembled at the shock of thought ; Sights interrupt the story of my woe, My blushes burn me, and my tears o'erflow ; But nature now insists upon her claim, Strikes the fine nerve, and gives me up to shame ; No more the anxious wish can I restrain, Silent no longer can your child remain ; Write, write I must, each hope, each fear declare, And try, once more, to win a father's care : Scorn not, ah ! scorn not then the mournful verse, Revive my blessing, and recall my curse ; Give to a daughter's wrongs one parent sigh, Nor let a mother her last prayer deny.

Yet where, oh where, shall I the tale begin, And where conclude the narrative of sin ? How each dire circumstance of guilt disclose, Upoad my breast and open all its woes ? How to an injur'd parent shall I tell The arts by which I stray'd, by which I fell ? No common language can the scene express, Where ev'ry line should mark extreme distress ; Mere human words unequal all, we find, To paint the feelings of a wounded mind : 'Tis not the scribbler's vein, the songster's art, Nor the wild genius of a vacant heart, 'Tis not the lines that musically flow To mark the poet's well-imagin'd woe ; Nor all the frolics of the tuneful tribe, Can such a mighty grief as mine describe.

Full oft has scorpion fancy to my view, Imag'd each anguish that a parent knew ; At midnight's still and searching hour she came, Glar'd round my bed, and chill'd my soul with shame, Crowded each black idea in my sight, And gloom'd a chaos on the balmy night :

Behold,' she said, ' on the damp bed of earth, Behold th' unhappy man who gave thee birth !

In dust he rolls his sorrow-silver'd hair, And on each muscle sits intense despair : See, how the passions vary in his face, Tear his old frame, and testify disgrace : Retir'd from home, in silence to complain To the pale moon, the veteran tells his pain— Now sinks opprest'd—now sudden starts away— Abhors the night, yet sickens at the day ; And see, thou guilty daughter ! see, and mourn The whelming grief that waits the sires return ! Beneath some black'ning yew's sepulchral gloom, Where pensive sorrow seems to court the tomb, Where tenfold shades repel the light of day, And ghostly footsteps seem to press the way, Bent to the ground by mis'ry and by years, There view thy bleeding mother bath'd in tears ; Her look disorder'd, and her air all wild, She beats the breast that fed a worthless child : And 'oh !' she cries— 'Oh had the fost'ring milk to poison turn'd, Some ague shiver'd, or some fever burn'd ; Had death befriended, on the fatal morn In which these eyes beheld a daughter born ; Or had the Eternal seal'd its eyes in night, Ere it the harrier knew 'twixt wrong and right, Then had these curse-ne'er assai'd my head— Why spring such torments from a lawful bed ! Now melted, soften'd, gentler, she complains, Rage ebbs away, the tide of love remains : Then how th' affecting tears each other trace, Down the dear furrows of her matron face ; But still the anxious mother brings to light, Scenes of past joy, and innocent delight ; Calls to remembrance each infantile bliss, The cradle's rapture, and the baby's kiss ; Each throbbing hope that caught th' embrace sincere, With ev'ry joy that rose in ev'ry tear ; The beauteous prospect bright'ning ev'ry day, The father's fondling, and the mother's play ; Yet soon she finds again the sad reverse, Till harras'd nature sinks beneath its curse ; Again, more fierce—more mad—she rends her frame, And loudly brands ALMERIA with her' shame !'

Here paus'd and shrunk the vision from my view, But conscience color'd as the shade withdrew ; Pierc'd to the heart, in agony I lay, And, all confusion, rose with rising day.

But ah, what hope could morning bring to me, What, but the mournful privilege to see, To view the pleasures which I could not share, And waste the day in solitude and care ? More clearly shone the sun on my disgrace, And mark'd more plain the blushes on my face.

Then, all enrag'd, I curs'd the abandon'd hour, When honor yielded to the traitor's power, When, rash, I scorn'd the angel voice of truth, In all the mad simplicity of youth : When from a father's arms forlorn I stray'd, And left a mother's tenderness unpaid ; While nature, duty, precept, all combin'd To fix obedience on the plastic mind.

Stung at the thought, each vengeance I design'd ; And weary'd heav'n to uncreate mankind ; From room to room distractedly I ran, The scorn of woman, and the dupe of man.

Continued in page 32.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz :— A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live." Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

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Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pot-matum, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

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Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

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Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion ; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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